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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE

REV. DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

WITH

THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA.

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LOVE OF FAME,

THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

In Seven Characteristical Satires.

——————Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis. *Hor.*

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters, though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public, or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it is, that misconduct will

certainly be never chased out of the world by satire if no satires are written. Nor is that term unapplicable to graver composition: ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are in a great measure a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that I hope these Satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now, to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason, because, what men aim at by them is generally public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before. Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some may teach; for to reason we owe passions. Had we not reason, we should not be

offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cause of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when the author is in a passion, the laugh generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master. He appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality; the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the Sixth Satire, (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner, but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success, but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Bolleau's closeness, or, as he calls it, pressness, particularly: whereas it appears to me that repetition is his fault, if any fault be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit, the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author, without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad arguments for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Ra-

belais? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest, but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire: you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride as men, and our unaffected taste as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it, and he that succeeds in spite of it is *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior**.

Such wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats) should set up for reputation among the weak in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles, for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities, but not with equal success; for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately, which betrays such a poverty of wit as cannot afford to part with any thing, and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things; and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers, particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own: they that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that only makes a wit a term of reproach.

* Val. Max.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love, one of the prettiest fables of all Antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. "Love (says he) is the son of the goddess Poverty and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius, his elevation of thought, his building castles in the air, his prodigality, his neglect of things serious and useful, his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours, that importunity with which he begs, his flattery, his servility, his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, viz. that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family, but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relation.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were Wisdom her governess she might have much more of the father than of the mother, especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

.....

.....Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam Virtutis. *Juv. Sat.* 10.

.....

MY verse is Satire; Dorset! lend your ear,
And patronise a Muse you cannot fear;
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of Fame:
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B————e, or to me,
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire! true to Virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;

When the Law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the Church the leaving of a whore;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Ethiop white?
Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?
Shall fun'ral Eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?
Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue which he loves complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison is fled!
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye Gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's * shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me on the brink from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise?
The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here S——e's humour makes a bold pretence,
There bolder aims at P——y's eloquence:
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.
What is not proud? the pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The whore is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage bed;

* Horace.

And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims borne
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wishful eyes on glory look
When they have got their picture tow'rds a book,
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T——had dropp'd his quill,
T——might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But T——alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.
Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.
On glass how witty is a nobler peer?
Did ever di'mond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery,
Whose praise defames: as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with Pride,
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep;
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep:
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the House;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse:
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I, the little hero of each tale.
Sick with the love of Fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople courts, and leave the senate thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.
Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My Lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye Vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in Fame's glorious chase;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
Let high birth triumph! what can be more great!
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of their discharge.
Dorset! let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee in worth hereditary shine.
Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone:
Mean sons of Earth, who, on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils cause,
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.
Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But builds himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur C——dos he'll out do;
And, B—i—ton, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last!
When, lo! my Lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state rooms to strangers and to duns.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.

In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes but antique statues, are his flame:
Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good P——b—ke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come, (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, Sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail:
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very busts laugh:
His daughter starves; but Cleopatra's* safe.
Men overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The rich may be polite; but oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.
By your revenue measure your expense,
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my Muse! canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,

* A famous statue.

Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one as lately in.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids resign, and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown, and boast,
With pride inverted, of their honours lost:
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.
What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteuil* and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face:

* A famous taylor.

Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady B—'s hair:
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.
What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance?
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day?
That wheel of fops! the saunter of the Town!
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, Stoick-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but no bliss, create:
None think the great unhappy but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; Envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is bless'd;

On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure blockheads still:
Nor shoots up Folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing room.
The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus! (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon his back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on a tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.
Here breathe my Muse! and then thy task renew;
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-athiests made by Church-debates,
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates,
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind,
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;

Fewer grave lords to Scr—pe discreetly bend,
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the Town in winter with his strain,
At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

.....

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE II.

MY Muse! proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain satire calls for sense in ev'ry line.
Then to what swarms thy faults I dare expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most illnature to repress thy rage;

And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.
So weak are humankind by Nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain:
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus demands the sylvan crown*;
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? to make Paul Diack† rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes! he dies! he, too, is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;

* This refers to the First Satire.

† The name of a tulip.

The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florist! thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame,
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What demon cropt my flow'r!"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
"Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
But all men want amusement, and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None; but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.
We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another Florio doting on a flow'r;
A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.

Thy gaudy shelves with crimson binding glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And T——n, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.
If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind,
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals, ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And to this cost another must succeed,
To pay a sage who says that he can read;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen,
But leaves to——what lies between
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.
O——! whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a large-illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honour! and the finest taste!
Accept this verse, if satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulence may cool,
For tho' he is a wit he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares nor friend nor foe, but calls to mind,
Like Doomsday, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' wit tickles, tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, goodnature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak, or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their offence is seen;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find;
Dull is the jester when the joke's unkind.
Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit?
His most facetious letters* came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus! which art thou, a fool or knave;
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who;
No mask so good but Marcus must shine thro';
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing well:

* Letters sent to the Author signed Marcus.

But thou a brave neglect of fame hast shown,
Of others' fame, great Genius! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
The man who pardons disappoints his foe.
In malice to proud wits some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull:
When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be fools;
Thro' spleen, that little Nature gave make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"He's a wit."
Poor negroes thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say they 're dev'lish white.
Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief? one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead,
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a di'mond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn;
Some stupid, plodding, money loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,

Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby son,
And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea,
One learns to lisp, another not to see:
Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand;
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these what Nature gave disown, thro' pride
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What Nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.
Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support:
He hems, and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagirite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something new."
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace;

As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where pins are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool when I behold the skreen,
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.
Hence, ——, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner, nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.
With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noontide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face?
Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother is undone?
These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen,
How blank his look? how discompos'd his mien?

So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits, for his coat was plain.
Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a silver lace.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils;
Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous watchcase, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
St—pe in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.
Whene'er, by seeming chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?
But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, his wheels,
And triumphs conscious of his learned heels.
So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by Fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.
Morose is sunk with shame whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or perukes undisguis'd;

Nor sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling rent:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt,
"And glory at one entrance, quite shut out*."
He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim:
Thus in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass,
While both are one, and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

* Milton.

"But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries;
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello! thou my monitor shalt be,
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou, too, art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool! at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last:
What then is to be done? be wise with speed:
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize? how impotent our aim?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington! in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to command,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.
An ill tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
Or if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould:
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page;
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye Doctors sage! who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer guage,
An author's principles or parentage:
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look;
Another judges, for he bought the book:
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state:
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?

Not all on books their criticism waste;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame. With anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May:

Their various cares in one great point combine
The bus'ness of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the Town,
Feeds twice a-week to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And H—y's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;

Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those who bring that incense we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow;
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See Tytirus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of these, ye Fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth?
Some vain of paintings, bid the world admire;
Of houses some; nay, houses that they hire:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous wife,
And boasts, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their airs;
My lord has vapours, and my lady swears.
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.
To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it too?
Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in Modesty's disguise,
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, He's exact in great.
"My style," says he, "is rude and full of faults,"
"But, oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success."
"Ah! that's an hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack;
"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny:
"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er Vincenna! could deceive in thee,
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong:
Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenues wear,
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedient for renown? confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.
Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there nor thou, nor I, shall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take at last some little place by storm,
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly in Sheer-lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford,
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true great fortunes some great men confer,
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:

From caprice, not from choice, their favours come;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, yawning, they advance;
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If Merit sues, and Greatness is so loath
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed:
Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess'd:
Philander thou art exquisitely bless'd:
The public envy! now, then, 'tis allow'd
The man is found who may be justly proud:
But, see! how sickly is Ambition's taste?
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market where the rates run high.
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear:
Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well:
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine:

While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay;
For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless; but first set your notions right.
Worth of politeness is the needful ground;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.
Great, chosen Prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways!
Well, H——r, dost thou thy master serve,
Well has he seen his servant should not starve:
Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
In various forms of worship seen him prais'd;
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice;
Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids!
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted Town denies,
An hundred head of cuckolds may suffice.

Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets, a succession sure,
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
See Commons, Peers, and Ministers of State,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of whores and fiddlestrings!
Tho' bold these truths, thou, Muse! with truths like these
Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense
To write a satire which gave none offence?
And since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me?
The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price?
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,

If bless'd with pliant, tho' but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence,
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face.
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit is but to provide a pain,
From men's refusing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington! this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd,
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad with such success obey'd:
Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear:
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the verse, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton! born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide:
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's assertor, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.
Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown:

All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves;
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves:
But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A quidnunc is an almanack of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate Not Content can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.
Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible and a shoulder-knot:
Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul:
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed.
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed:

Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.
Peerage is poison; good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their Mercury is high or low.
Health chiefly keeps an Atheist in the dark.
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray:
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth who reason'd once so well.
C——, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan and he believe and tremble too.
Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.
Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims:
Nay, a Free-mason with some terror names;
Omits no duty; nor can Envy say
He miss'd, these many years, the church or play:

He makes no noise in Parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due:
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then he can out-bow the bowing Dean:
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the Town his face,
For ornament in ev'ry public place:
As sure as cards he to th' assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing rooms:
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race,
For who does nothing with a better grace?
  To deck my list by Nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of humankind.
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.
  To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd;
What other men dislike is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes:
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birthdays are their days of dressing ill.

Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll or thump it for his better ease?
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His lordship's jest, or, if his nose broke wind?
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these how mean the tribe that close?
Scarce meaner they who terms like these impose.
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold;
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.
"B—le shines in council, M——t in the fight,
"P—l—m's magnificent, but I can write,
"And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustain'd by what is ate:
Grown lean, and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking Fate)
Defends sirloins, which sons of Dulness eat?
What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half a-crown,
A prostitute on ev'ry bulk in Town,
With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye Bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
Ye Bards! why will you starve to be admir'd?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
Like hair, will sprout altho' the poet's dead.
All other trades demand, verse-makers beg.
A dedication is a wooden leg,
A barren label, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.
"Is't then a crime to write?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear:
For some, tho' few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen:

Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve unask'd, the least pretence to wit,
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
A—le true wit is studious to restore,
And D—t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
P—ke in years the long lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.

But ah! not inspiration can obtain
That fame which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp what no man can possess alive?
Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion!) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth fantastic poets cry;
That wealth is fame, another can reply,
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags,
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold;
The first young lord which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard street,
From rescu'd candles' ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.

A beardless miser! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own,
Of ardent lovers the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down,
No rival can prevail,—but half-a-crown.
He glories to late times to be convey'd
Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain;
Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.
"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant col'nel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes:
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Just is his title,—for he will not fight.
All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
As maids of honour beauty,—by their place:
But when, indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain w
A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sw
Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
A soldier should be modest as a maid.

Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy ;
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree,
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known ;
Augustus', deeds, if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

.....

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

.....

O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!—— *Milton.*

.....

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone ;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own :

But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair,
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye,
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.
The sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame,
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme;
A theme fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee;
Who would not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' ev'ry sign of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortuneteller's caves and lions' dens;
Taverns, Exchanges, Bridewells, drawingrooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers and funerals, puppetshows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabates, (and, still stranger!) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame,
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses, then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre now her lover warms,
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up all ecstacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in spight!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows,
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
In——Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renown is she,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease;
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace;

To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.
A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That shews or makes you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say
"Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour and a soft address."
Thro' virtue she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity;
Thro' wisdom she refuses to submit
To Wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame,
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea;
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice:

Doubly, like Echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong.
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state?
What strokes we feel from Fancy and from Fate?
If Fate forbears us, Fancy strikes the blow;
We make misfortune; suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is Nature backward to torment or kill?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with solemn knell,
On Folly's errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home?
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead;
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy Fortune with unslacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But one; a female friend's endearing smile;

A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And in life's tempest the sad sailor's calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.
The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Foubert has the forming of the fair.
More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel,
And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong?
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains:
Sesostris-like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs if they please:
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belle-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the Town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.
But hold, she cries, Lampooner! have a care,
Must I want common sense because I'm fair!
O no: see Stella; her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right:
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might;
The youth in person and in parts was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:

He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd;
Large his possessions, and beyond her own,
Their bliss the theme and envy of the Town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, Threescore.
The fatal sequel I, thro' shame, forbear.
Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair!

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights,
But fools create themselves new appetites.
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In Nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In Fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow,
Like cats in airpumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, Sir, is always so:
"Diversions put her maladies to flight;
"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night:

" I've known my Lady (for she loves a tune)
" For fevers take an opera in June:
" And tho', perhaps, you'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight Park is sov'reign for a cold:
" With cholics breakfasts of green fruit agree,
" With indigestions supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor or a dance?
Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health at home.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas, my Heart! how! languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny * chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
" Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? " Because 'twas night."
Did she then dance, or play? " Nor this nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
" No, all alone her pray'rs she rather chose,
" Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes with the fashionable owls to bed:

* Lapdog.

This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Revolves into her native red again:
Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms.
And is her own dear rival in your arms,
But one admirer has the painted lass,
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
To deck the female cheek he only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose.
How gay they smile? Such blessings Nature pours,
O'er-stock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuse.

Such Fulvia's passion for the Town: fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight,
And to be press'd to death transports her quite:
Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way,
Thro' briers and brambles in the world we stray;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid;
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are Innocence and Peace:
There from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar:

There, bless'd with health, with bus'ness unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next:
There, too, the Muses sport: these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses, but not there alone;
Their sacred force Amelia feels in Town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose
On Durfey's poesy and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure we were so happy yesterday!
"And then that charming party for to morrow!"
Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow:
But she dares never boast the present hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r:
For such is or our weakness or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,

The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.
  Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy ;
We starve to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains :
What is it but rank poison in your veins ?
  As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine.
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears :
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd :
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep ?"
"Ah ! barb'rous man, she cries, how could you—sleep ?"
  Men love a mistress as they love a feast ;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste ?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day
We wish our mistress and our meat away :

But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair;
Nor praise nor blame, too much, the warm or chill:
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.
There is, indeed, a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind;
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phyllis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies;
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend!
What day next week th' eternity shall end?
Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love,
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier! thy sublunary dance:
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in airpumps the gay col'nel dies.

But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle Sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.
To —— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right:
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious easy, and when gay discreet;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
In crowds collected! and in courts sincere!
Sincere and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears:
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the commonweal;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended Fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress?

But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the skies,
And, gratis, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure;
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But talks in texts of Scripture at Picquet;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they sew as well?
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind?
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r?

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:

By Nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.
Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever Fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold?
What Nature wants has an intrinsic weight,
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which for one moment charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we cast a new,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd;
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun:
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And Wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy:
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid,

For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.
The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid;
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room!
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs,
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her laconic style.
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh, help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head;
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.

Let the robust, and the gigantic, carve,
Life is not worth so much; she'd rather starve;
But chew she must herself: ah, cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.
An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.
Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What Nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane:
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress she's not a grenadier.
If thunders awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen:
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense!
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons, with a hoyden air,
Across the room, and toss into a chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They for our manners have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents pay'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer Art and Nature to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D—'s self will be polite.

Ye rising Fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles, at your head,
What seems most hard is not to be well-bred:
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all but adoration is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lycé, on the borders of threescore.
Nought treads so silent at the foot of Time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento Mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground:
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day;
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but herself is old:
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And Art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face:
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love:
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.
O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia? her grey hairs engage,

Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine:
That, and that only, can old age sustain,
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not num'rous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few:
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace: by Nature some decay,
And some the blasts of Fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous Orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills; the boldest are afraid;
Where then is safety for a tender maid?

Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost:
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick thro' malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies,
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best; and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon your face,
Fright him that's worth your love from your embrac
In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bless'd and wise.
Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind; that thirst
With which the age is eminently curs'd:
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;

Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

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LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

Inscribed to the

RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

.....

Interdum tamen et tollit commœdia vocem. *Hor.*

.....

I SOUGHT a patroness but sought in vain;
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."
I know her not—"Your reason's somewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron now!" reply'd the god.
"Men write to me, and to the world unknown,
"Then steal great names to shield them from the town:
"Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
"To covert flies, of praise itself afraid.
"Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in her praise:

" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength:
You here, in miniature, your picture see,
Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me:
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side:
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride:
He's dear, you frugal; chuse my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.
Lavinia is polite, but not profane,
To church as constant as to Dury-lane:
She decently, in form, pays heaven its due,
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r;
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed:
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed;
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray:
But sweet their accent, and their air refin'd;
For they're before their Maker—and mankind.
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of Calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.
Those charms are greatest which decline the sight;
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe if you dare draw nigh:
"Or if you take a lion by the beard*,
"Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
"Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence,
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is some delight;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one run mad.

* Shakespeare.

Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
  Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And gen'rously supports him in his want;
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant; and with pains
Her angel-brood of bastards she maintains;
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt, above the marriage-bed.
  Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint:
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint;
Her soul superior flies formality:
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not overgood—
Nor would they be mistaken if they should.
  Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs:
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant pray'rs:
Her only grief is that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"
  Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore:

Then she submits to venture in the dark,
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot; but she eats in plate.
The goods of Fortune which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness;
The rude material: wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold 'tis better still.
If Tullia had been bless'd with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence;
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'errun,
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.
Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty:
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.

Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the fop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace:
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this?"—The pleasure lasted long;
Now ev'ry day the fits came thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life now she can plague no more!
She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed;
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.
Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore,
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."

Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin;
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would Melania be supris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear.
What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms, because the soul is seen:
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace.
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can bear?
Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.
Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teas'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.

Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes:
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be bless'd.
Ah! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing?
Old age will come; disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the soul let virtue shine;
The ground eternal as the work divine.
Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey;
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain:
Their prudence in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so weak as to be wise?
Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends or blames;
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare,
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care:
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.
Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her nightgown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside:
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace,
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face:
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves,
And would draw jack-boots on as soon as gloves

Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be miss'd,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers! beware, to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For H——y the first wit she cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——d! the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest trapes in Town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight:
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is the eternal theme:
Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to day."
When most the world applauds you, most beware,
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind, with your own heart confer,
And dread e'en there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure.

Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause;
And yet of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.
Ladies there are who think one crime is all:
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more gen'rous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor, and example too.
"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye;
"What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry;
"Aspasia's shape, indeed—but then her air—
"The man has parts who finds destruction there.
"Almeria's wit has something that's divine,
"And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?
"Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it said Selina's near threescore?
"At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
"The world congratulates so wise a choice:

" His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
" But mortgages will sap the best estate.
" In Sherley's form might cherubims appear,
" But then—she has a freckle on her ear."
Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends:
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail.
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On others' fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns,
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of avarice and pride confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold:
As fond of five-pence as the veriest cit,
And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness:

That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unbless'd. The poor are only poor;
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state.
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfy'd with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expence:
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of Flattery:
They languish! oh, support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More we perceive by dint of thought alone:
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance, and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.

Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Thro' secret streams diffusively they bless,
And while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.
But Satire is my task, and these destroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye Misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, G———n:
But our invectives must despair success,
For next to praise she values nothing less.
What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame!
Or is't Asturia! that affected dame.
The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
To strange new things, which Nature never made.
Frown not, ye Fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen,
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine;
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau;
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe dreadful to the Love of Fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have been!
An hecatomb of character supplies
Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugar melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolving Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie*?

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd:
At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.
As glorious, as the British queen renown'd
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.

* ——Solem quis dicere falsum
Audeat? *Virg.*

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there among the females of our isle,
Such faults at which it is a fault to smile?
There are: Vice, once by modest Nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin Decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek!
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand!
But then their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask what kindred is a spouse to them?
What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see!
And misses, ancient in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!

Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell,
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listen less to C—ns than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare: since Nature's birth,
Till now, she-Atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep researches! say whence springs
This daring character in tim'rous things?
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
A match for nothing but—the deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own
In this pursuit they court not Fame alone,
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in Town.
O how they tremble at the name of prude!
And die with shame at thought of being good!

For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They Heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgment durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse! in honest fury, rise;
They dread a satire who defy the skies.
Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
From Atheists far, they steadfastly believe
God is, and is almighty—to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy
For now and then a sip of transient joy?
No; he's for ever in a smiling mood:
He's like themselves, or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose—
Devoutly thus Jehovah they depose,
The pure! the just! and set up, in his stead,
A deity that's perfectly well-bred.
" Dear T—l—n! be sure the best of men;
" Nor thought he more than thought great Origen.
" Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd
For Satan! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.

" Let priests do something for their one in ten:
" It is their trade; so far they're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions, like themselves, in black;
" Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
" For joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
" Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show;
" Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apoligist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain,
Nature disjoins the beauteous and prophane.
For what's true beauty but fair virtue's face,
Virtue made visible in outward grace!
She then that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shocks mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille* has murder'd Sleep.
" Poor K—p! cries Livia: I have not been there
" These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run,
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son;

* Shakespeare.

Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly,
And beggar half their race—thro' charity.
Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to the tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand,
That rattles loud a small enchanting box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks:
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus' cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!'

For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heaven alone.
  See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles
    swell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruins charm her still:
Her happy lord's cuckolded by Spadil;
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
  O scene of horror and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiend that daughter's destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

But wanders not my satire from my theme?
Is this, too, owing to the Love of Fame?
Tho' now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a vice so strong
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguish'd by their crimes.
If sin you must, take nature for your guide;
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride.
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt ere he can please?
When you're enamour'd of a lift or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Why must strong youths unmarry'd pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the marry'd?—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—estate.
Flavia, at lovers false, untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
While death stands by but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake, in justice long his own:

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire,
Or like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye Gods! with new delights inspire the fair,
Or give us sons, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
Yet I believe as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom you'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When you chastise who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall control,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midst empires charms how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of virtue and of art!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me.
When in my page to balance num'rous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind*,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood;
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

.....

LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

.....

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.
Virg.

.....

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole! or the Nine inspire in vain:
To thee 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design?
That glory which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a lustre from the throne.

* Milton.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless,
For Caprice is the daughter of Success,
(A bad effect but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause,
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of Peace.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in ev'ry sky,
The pleasing scene recals my theme again,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my Muse!
And raise thy verse!) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away,
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

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The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine or volcano? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.
One to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were men,

A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest Nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty these? yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine,
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And in their height of kindness are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole! when men forget to copy thee.
Here cease, my Muse! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,

Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd
With patience wait, and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.
How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And ev'ry vice is to the Scripture laid.
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.
How Versus is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.
How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they 're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And e'en denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.
This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,

Let others sing, to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design, for Tonson's at the gate.
  The Love of Fame in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung, be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this pow'r whom all mankind obey?
  Shot from above, by Heaven's indulgence, came
This gen'rous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and sacred arts were found;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine:
What more can prove its origin divine?
  But, oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
  Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcasses of Wit,

And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools,
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.
Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.
Ambition in the truly noble mind,
With sister Virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame by her last conduct fled:
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her Love of Fame obey'd.
In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such Art puts Virtue's aspect on,

That not more like in feature and in mien,
The god * and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No mask in basest minds Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.
Ye Vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Wouldst thou be fam'd? have those high deeds in view:
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.
Behold a prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame,
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;

* Amphitryon.

Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king;
But when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious Grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendour and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O bless'd ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po, there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George! who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves*,
Ev'n storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And in their own wild empire learn to spare.

* The King in danger by sea.

Thus Nature's self supporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's sov'reign sovereign of the sea.
While sea and air, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate.
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles*, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep?
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the storm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinarus† slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd, long since enur'd to wake,
And out-watch ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which nature and the Graces form,
At will to raise or hush the Civil storm.

* Hom. Il. lib. i.

† Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &
Virg. Æ

A KEY

TO THE LOVE OF FAME, &c.

SATIRE I.

—Gives applause to B———e, or to me.] Blackmore (Sir Richard.)

Churchmen Scripture for the Classics quit;—Polite apostates from God's grace to wit.] *N. B.* Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Ciceronis opera, Cæsaris Comment. Homer, *&c.* were published by Bishop Hare, Dr. Bentley, Dr. Davis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, *&c.*

S—e's humour,] Steele (Sir Richard.)

P—y's eloquence.] Pulteney (William, Esq.)

If at his title T— had droft his quill, &c.] Dr. Trapp when professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but upon his blank verse version of Virgil, vol. I. Dr. Evans of St. John's college, Oxon, sent the following distich:

Read the commandments, Trapp, translate no further;—
For there 'tis written, thou shalt do no murder.

A is disposs'd, and B with pomp restor'd.] This alludes to Mr. Theobold's publication of a book, entitled Shakespeare Restor'd, in opposition to Mr. Pope's edition of that author.

C———dos he'll outdo.] Chandos (Duke of.)

—B—l—ton thy taste is not so true.] Burlington (Earl of.)

Not F—t—ne's self more Parian charms has known,—Nor is good P—b—ke more in love with stone.] Sir Andrew Fountaine, and the late Earl of Pembroke, both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with lady B—'s hair.] The venerable grey-headed Countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S——ne discreetly bend.] Mr. Scroope, a great money-lender.

SATIRE II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest, toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-jobber.

—T——n turn'd upholsterer, &c.] Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books for South-sea coxcombs, 1720.

—Leaves to O——.] Orrery (Charles, Earl of.)

D——.] Dorset (Earl of.) the poet's patron.

Miss D——— tottering.] Miss Duncomb.

—The Stagirite.] Aristotle.

Hence, D——, that ofenness of heart.] Doddington.

St——ne in wit, in breeding D—l—ne.] Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.—Deloraine (Lord.)

SATIRE III.

—H——y's eyes unmercifully keen.] Lady Hervey.

Well, H———r, dost thou thy master serve.] Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

While C—— mourns, &c.] Anthony Collins, Esq. founder of the sect of Freethinkers.

C——, who makes so merry with the Creed.] The same A Collins.

Arb——t is a fool, and F— a sage,—S—ey will fright you, E—— engage.] Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S,—— is the worst of friends.] Sussex.

Q——y is fair.] Duchess of Queensberry.

S—— the foremost toyman of his time.] Sloan (Sir Hans,) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J——y.] Lady Jersey.

B——yle shines in council, M——t in the fight: —P—l—m's magnificent, but J— can write.] Boyle (Charles) Earl of Orrery. Mordaunt (Charles) Earl of Peterborough. Pelham, Duke of Newcastle. John Dennis.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend;— H——t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?—A——le true wit is studious to restore;—And D——t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before.—P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,—And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.] Harcourt (Lord Chancellor.) Argyle (Duke of.) Dorset (Duke of.) Thomas Pembroke (late Earl of.) Lady Henrietta Cavendish-Holles Harley. Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to his late Majesty (George I.)

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.] Major Foubert, a riding-master.

Sir H—s.] Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.

The fair philosopher to Rowley flies.] The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical instrument maker, under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

Lady D——.] Dashwood or Dysart.

SATIRE VI.

Zinck.] The greatest master in miniature, and enamel painting, in Europe.

H——y the first wit.] Lord Hervey.

Cruel R———d.] Duke of Richmond.

G——n.] Lady Betty Germain.

H——, P——, B——.] Hervey, Pearce, Blount, (Ladies.)

C——s.] Collins (Anthony, Esq.)

T—l—n.] Archbishop Tillotson's and Dr. Burnet's doctrine of the non-eternity of hell torments.

K——h.] Mrs. Kemp, keeper of an assemblee.

Carolina's heart, &c.] Acknowledgment of the late Queen's favours to the Author.

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE BOOK OF JOB.*

THRICE happy Job† long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!

* It is disputed among the critics, who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of these opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, chap. xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this book is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute very much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year, nor fears to crave
Death, instant death, impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat:
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high, at length, their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensu'd:—when lo, heaven interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke.*

* The book of Job is well known to be dramatic,

Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign.
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the world's Creator what is just:
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply—
Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air,
When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
When heaven's high arch with loud hosannas rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?

and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* ch. xix. *Ezek.* ch. 1, &c. Hence is he said to *dwell in thick darkness; and have his way in the whirlwind.*

Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the mountain which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
Can the wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a bason for the floods provide:
I chain'd them with my word: the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
"Thus far thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
"And here, O Main! be thy proud billows stay'd."*
Hast thou explor'd the secrets of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light, &c.* so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head.
Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal thro' th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the Light? in what refulgent dome?
And where has darkness made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought,
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!
Are mists begotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast?
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desart spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?
Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft? canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow!

And when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand and shade the world with night?
Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough desarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.
To check the shower who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
Hast thou e'er scal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast;
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?

Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who rides through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein
That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the Night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where Daylight shall be born,
And draw the purple curtains of the Morn?
Awake the Sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?

Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?
Who did the soul with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast.
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.
What then, Chaldean Sire! was thy surprise?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more.
"My voice is in eternal silence bound,
"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty spoke
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke!
Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?
Come forth, in Beauty's excellence array'd,
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd;

Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant Vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and mayst undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.
Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When, pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God,* importunate for food;
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And still the clamour of the craving nest?

* Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice she particularly seems always calling upon it. And since there were ravens on the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in this place.

Who in the stupid ostrich* has subdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray;
Unmindful she that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed:

* There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. First, it cover its heads in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

Secondly, They that go in the pursuit of them draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may see that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

What time she skims along the field with speed,*
She scorns the rider and pursuing steed.†
How rich the peacock!‡ what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.
Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

† Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass, but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or an hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little further, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true: *Expandit colores adversa maxim sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. lx. c. 20.

The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
Tho' strong the hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,*
An eagle drops her in a lower sky:
An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?†
She feasts her young with blood, and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

* Thuanus *(De re Accip.)* mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.
And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in the air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat and forest hind,*
While pregnant, they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed:
They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;

* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth? for to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstance had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like th more immediate hand of Providence) has the sa effect, *Ps.* xxix. In so early an age to observe t things may style our author a naturalist.

Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among the gather'd stores.
Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large;
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountain's spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.
Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might:
High rais'd, he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
Full on the brandish'd sword and shaken lance,
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!

He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast,
Till death, and when he groans, he groans his last.
But fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desart with his rolling eye.
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where, bent on death, lie hid his tawny brood,
And, crouch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,*
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.
Now shrieks and dying groans the desart fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:

* Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Psal.* civ. 20. The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which signifies *the hunter by moonshine.*

In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.
Mild is my Bohemoth, tho' large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame;
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food;
Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See, with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof, and shut against a wound!
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide forest and the mountain law.
The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
His eye drinks Jordan up, when, fir'd with drought,
He trusts to turn its current down his throat;

In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain;
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.
Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
With slender hair Leviathan * command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
Will he become thy servant? will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchant share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
The rashest dare not rouse him up:† who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

* The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

† This alludes to a custom of this creature, whi

Am I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own,
And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne;
And dar'st thou with the world's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size:
Who, great in arms, e'er stript his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold
Destruction yawns;* his spacious jaws unfold,
And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!

is, when sated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, *sit totum os*. Martial says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus augusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound!
His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.*
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,

* This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note, I would caution against a false opinion of the Eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.*
In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow;
His sport the rage and labour of the foe.
His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with a rising mud;

* *His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last

The billows feel him as he works his way,
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.
His like earth bears not on her spacious face;
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd:
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes ev'ry swoln disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of Pride.
Then the Chaldean eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

are notoriously so; they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

" Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might!
" And ev'ry thought is naked to thy sight:
" But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
" Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
" But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
" Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee;
' Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
" Man is not made to question, but adore."

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. B*****.

.....

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips. *Psalm* lxiii. 6.

.....

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place!

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still?

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults,

Permit me, Madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmity,
Sad sister of Decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many suns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see;
My second world, tho' gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread!
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys: the grave
Has broken Nature's laws,
And clos'd against this feeble frame
Its partial cruel jaws:

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight!
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I chuse?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain,
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay Folly's flood restrain;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

O Resignation! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains,
Tho' claiming ev'ry muse's smile,
And ev'ry poet's pains:

Beneath life's ev'ning solemn shade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright;
The glorious consummation thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to discern;
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn:

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea! a dang'rous sea!
What throngs have sunk before!

How proud the poet's billows swell!
The God! the God! his boast;
A boast how vain! what wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench ev'ry coast.

What then am I? shall I presume,
On such a moulten wing,
Above the gen'ral wreck to rise,
And in my winter sing?

When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

Yet write I must; a lady* sues;
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Her's teeming with the best!

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of Grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you:

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd.

Those tears you pour his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart or head suggest?
What sad Experience say?
Thro' truths austere to peace we work
Our rugged gloomy way.

* Mrs. M——

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not needs must mourn:
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour; 'Tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In sore Affliction's field:

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise a friend,
Which turns Affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers:

Whence throngs, in ecstacy, look down
On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain;
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle, all is vain:

Vain, in its course, life's murm'ring stream;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
Still vainer from its end.

How wretched! who, thro' cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content?

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account and fair?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
The total up—despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heav'n wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its strokes severe most kind.

But in laps'd nature rooted deep,
Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears ;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize ;
These oft persuade us to be weak,
Those urge us to be wise.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
By pleasure are we brought
To flow'ry fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault :

Yet whilst it chides it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood,
And says, Time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man !
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity !
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

Say not your loss in triumph leads,
Religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

ut not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Thro' Time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain:
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Tho' you may think it slow,
When, in the list of Fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursu'd,
" Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
" Of sound important good:"

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties;
And ev'ry sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace;
Tho' I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his decease.

An hour shall come, (you question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear then, without surprise, a truth,
A daughter truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read:
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

To Resignation swift he flew;
In her a friend he found;
A friend which bless'd him with a smile,
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few.

To real joy we work our way,
Encount'ring many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames
By stings of life unvex'd;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see then pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or thro' times records run,
And say, what is a man unstruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment am I deeply stung——
My bold pretence is try'd.
When vain man boasts, heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride.

Now need I, Madam! your support.—
How exquisite the smart!
How critically tim'd the news*
Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke I feel:
If worth like thine is borne,
O long belov'd! I bless the blow,
And triumph whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdu'd
Be reason's empire shown,
Deep anguish comes by heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

* The death of Mr. Richardson.

And when continu'd past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and what was fate
Corrupts into a crime.

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

Madam! I grant your loss is great,
Nor little is your gain:
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

When heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantments end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend!—and sigh no more!
'Tis prudent, but severe:
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of distress.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unbless'd
With Æsculapian art:
Know, Love, sometimes, mistaken Love!
Plays Disaffection's part.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Tho' transports are denied.

Are you not then unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left;—to what!
Your now paternal care:
Clear from its clouds your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
Revolve his battles won,
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son.

Is consolation what you seek?
Fan then his martial fire,
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, Madam! be surpris'd to hear,
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field
(Proud boasters!) than to you.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High-wav'd o'er all the world;

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, tho' costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought.

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Outacts a Cæsar's toil.

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd twice by you!

Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, and absurd,
Reluctance to be pleas'd.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace ;
This temper let me justly brand
And stamp it with disgrace.

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
Thou second-born of hell !
Against heav'n's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By Perseverance brought.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears,
From brutal eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles !
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face ;
And light, in sons of honest Joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignation's lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause! how ev'ry sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love!

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun;

From that their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul.

Broke loose from Time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

Tho' man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man:
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late.

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child:
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

Now, and thro' periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heav'n is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man.

Man holds in constant service bound
The blust'ring winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man, to please.

To final good the worst events
Thro' secret channels run;
Finish, for man, their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong
That heav'n in man delights.

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

What's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insects goods so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

Would we in heav'n new heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heav'n's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand?
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss shall we complain?
The man who dares to be a wretch
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the pow'r
Who sweetly plans the whole.

Joy is our Eden still possessed:
Begone, ignoble Grief!
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief:

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
More precious we pursue.

Of joy the more we have in hand
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money int'rest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

"But how to smile, to stem the tide
"Of nature in our veins;
"Is it not hard to weep in joy?
"What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles thro' a storm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex by nature bold,
What then in your's? 'tis di'mond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air.

A friend you have,* and I the same,
Whose prudent soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts,
Which dy'd in your distress.

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, such as these.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heav'n.

Mrs. M——

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'Tis brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king;
Despotic Body reigns.

Have you ne'er pity'd Joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas, poor Envy! she's stone blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in Sorrow's shades
But sorrow well subdu'd;
And in proud Fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By Resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to heav'n, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind.

On pillows void of down for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of heav'n lie warm at least,
Our hearts repose in peace.

That peace which resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess:
'Tis disbeliev'd by murm'ring minds,
They must conclude it less.

The loss or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year.

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind;
Thro' clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd.

While man, by that, of ev'ry grace
And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye pow'rs
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme?

A theme themselves! a theme how rare!
The charms which they display
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array.

With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die;
Learning and Genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by Fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.

But as those ladies' * works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.

So burst full ripe distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wisdom's brighter reign;

* Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Carter.

Her helmet took; that this, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And Gorgon shield,—or, pow'r to fright
Man's folly dreadful shone;
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free.

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light, and languid pow'rs,
I shew, whilst I relate.

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
" In ruffling seasons to be calm,
" And smile while fortune frowns.

Heaven's choice is safer than our own:
Of ages past inquire.
What the most formidable fate?
" To have our own desire."

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in the ardent wish!
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable Ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise;
We scarce believe ourselves below;
We trespass on the skies.

The Lord, and Soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span?
This is meridian majesty!
This the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of Pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a soil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

" All that the sun surveys subdu'd,
" But Cato's mighty mind"——
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law:
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heav'n the rest:

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown:
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot Resignation do?
It wonders can perform:
That pow'rful charm, " Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bless'd martyrs' souls
Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state!
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate!

His threat'ning foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!—at fourscore
My sole asylum thou.

Haste then, O Resignation! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death!

What sight, heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has most of heav'n to boast?
The man resign'd, at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
To meet him in his way.

My gay Coevals! (such there are)
If happiness is dear,
Approaching Death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear.

The fear of Death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise;
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

But am not I myself the man?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
What cause to blush at home!

In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child outfools the first,
And tempts the lash of Truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, Madam! let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away.

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot;

The wise, as flow'rs, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When ev'ning damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

What tho' your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time.

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this*?
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss.

Your trash, with mine at open war
Is obstinately bent†,
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent.

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke;
We shudder, whilst we praise:

* Candid. † Second Part.

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate:

A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature starts!
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.

"But great your name"—To feed on air
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcass from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save?

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.

Nor boast your genius; talents bright
E'en dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies.

Your taste, too, fails: what most excels,
True taste must relish most;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?

Sound heads salvation's helmet* seek;
Resplendent are its rays:
Let that suffice; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—All is right†,
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiv'n;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are now in heav'n."

* Eph. vi. 17. † Which his romance ridicules.

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair:
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing thro' my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glitt'ring lamps on high
Thro' night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him by whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul!

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care!
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell?

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Thro' all the crooked paths I trod
My folly he pursu'd;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet
Beneath the mask of ill!

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless:
Oft I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Thro' dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right

And is not this the gloomy path
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

When lab'ring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sov'reign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free:
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less:
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid Terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds,
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self recording lines;
A record modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulf'd? you see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate;
That Wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end:

But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night.

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, thro' life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,
"E'en be content with God."

Thro' love he gave you the deceas'd;
Thro' greater took him hence:
This reason fully could evince,
Tho' murmur'd at by Sense.

This friend far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state.

His eye, this instant, reads your heart,
A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear.

Dispute you this? O stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tear, now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To Reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile;

A smile which thro' eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sov'reign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your sorrows cease, if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away.

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst the dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise.

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near? so kind?—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate!

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The pow'r, in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers in the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here, the vain to please:
The mind most sober kindles most
As truths sublime as these.

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than the sun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are;—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yea, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

What most imbitters time, that most
Eternity endears;
And thus by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres:

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise;

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of ev'ry bliss!
Good-will immense prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea?
One sand, how wide the shore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is He.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown!
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown!

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And Wisdom grasping, with a hand
Far stronger, ev'ry good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murm'ring in the dust.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain,
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

What tho' I'm swallow'd in the deep!
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe
I'm landed, and adore.

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form:
Roar, Waves! rage, Winds! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee their fountain flow,
If wise, as curl'd around to theirs
Meand'ring streams below.

Not less compell'd by Reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law
High mounts material fire:

To thee aspiring they exult:
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And gen'rous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast.

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim, pronounce us all
Distracted or resign'd.

Resign'd thro' duty, int'rest, shame;
Deep shame! dare I complain,
When (wond'rous truth!) in heaven itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime,
Can indignation raise?
The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise:

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two.

For, oh! ingratitude how black!
With most profound amaze
At love, which man, belov'd, o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers and warms, like gen'rous wine;
Praise, more divine than prayer:
Prayer points our ready path to heaven;
Praise is already there.

Let plausive Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint;

Makes the man blest as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through Fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace:

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart;
Know, Madam! "when your heart's in heaven,
"All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raise?
Deny'd divine support,
All virtue dies; support divine
The wise with ardour court:

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.

The lab'ring soul from sore distress
That bless'd expedient frees;
I see you far advanc'd in peace;
I see you on your knees.

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone?
An humble heart, God's other seat* !
The rival of his throne.

And stoops Omnipotence so low?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd in such a cell?

Such honour how shall we repay!
How treat our guest divine?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
Let self-will die: Resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;
Now let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

* Isaiah lvii. 15.

What our sole fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles makes important, things
Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and int'rests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.

O for an Archimedes new
Of moral pow'rs possess'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breast!

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing, weigh'd,
Our origin and end;

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam, on reason rous'd,
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies;

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more,
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Nor wait enlightened minds to learn
That lesson from the grave.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When, human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, tho' the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man:

The man is dead where virtue fails:
And tho' the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Tho' grasping wealth, fame, pow'r,
But what, O Death! thro' thy approach
Is wiser ev'ry hour.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare:
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

From kings what resignation due
To that almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still!

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd;
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread pow'r,
As bursting on it thro' the thin
Partition of an hour.

Hear this, Voltaire! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown:
However, spare it; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
My notions to chastise,
Let unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear
Now makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.

Tho' Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Thro' pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey?

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Tho' tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies

From Fancy's forge: gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birthday of their sorrow;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.

These are cold, northern thoughts conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No Castle* is my lot:

* Letter to Lord Lyttleton.

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.

Hear you that sound? alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd
Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bless'd eternity;
O may'st thou never, never lose
That more than golden key*!

* Alluding to Prussia.

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse;
Your good I have at heart;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part:

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust
That we are still alive?

What have we left? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave?
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave.

Happier than happiest life his death,
Who, falli g in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield:

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at six!

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight!
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

That hand which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.

To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of Folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues:
'Tis well, pursue it still:
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will:

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.

Tho' public frowns, and censures loud,
My puerile employ:
Tho' just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
Or re-assume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
"Above, beneath the sun,
"Thro' boundless age, by men, by gods,
"Jehovah's will be done."

'Tis done in heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you.

You know, that Virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping Error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death deny'd, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born.

When ev'ry other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly hurl'd away;

How happy! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust!

Well pleas'd to bear heav'n's darkest frown,
Your utmost pow'r employ;
'Tis noble chymistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious dost thou shine!
And dart thro' sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine.

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign: this lesson none
Too deeply can instil;
A crown has been resign'd by more
Than have resign'd the will;

Tho' will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes
Than he who wears a crown.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
Is kindled a strange aim
To shine in song, and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme:

But, oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer; thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
"In deed beneath the taught!"

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
To pave a way to hell.

O for a clean and ardent heart!
O for a soul on fire!
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels strike the lyre!

How cold is man! to him how hard,
(Hard what most easy seems)
" To set a just esteem on that
" Which yet he most esteems."

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

ON THE

DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,

AND THE

ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

INSCRIBED TO

JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices.

.....

——Guadia curis. *Hor.*

.....

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once and duty to pursue,
And please the public by respect to you.
Tho' you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine

Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir! the great esteem and honour due
I chose, that moment, to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when Fortune so severe
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend,
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing!—but, ah! my theme I need not tell!
See ev'ry eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute not their own.

Her summer heats not fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvests and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won:
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle!
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
The queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns; the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue soothe the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdu'd by Anna's prayer.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide!
Nor set returns of pleasure or of pride;

Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join their wings, a shelter o'er her head.
Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart;
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.
Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.
What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise!
Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down;
A noble pride of piety is shewn,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise;
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears.
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?

Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name: her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown,
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.
  Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
  Ye Numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of Fame arriv'd,
Say, what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest ev'ry grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd;
A second time our tender parents dy'd!
  Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown;
His splendid wreath too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,

One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Here random shafts in ev'ry breast are found
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.
Thus end maturest honours of the crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!
So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes thro' his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And by degrees, expands the glittering ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb;
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress,
We learn how much in George the gods can bless
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shewn;
And Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch! what a praise is thine!
Welcome, great Stranger! to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
With ardent wishes filled thy swelling sheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chase our foes?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame!
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown,

Secure his honour, tho' he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great Sir! now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r:
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chuse to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine:
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly shares the praise.
All share: but may not we have leave to boast,
That we contemplate and enjoy it most?
This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has thro' the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What tho' thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?

The crown's impatient to enclose thy head;
Why stay thy feet? The cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,
That king's a Briton who can govern well.

THE END.

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